6:00am

Dear Diary,

It’s finally arrived! The day I’ve waited for all my life! I’m 12! Dad said I would be old enough to go hunting with him when I was 12! The sun is shining; the wind is still – a perfect day for hunting. My body is shaking with excitement! I will do my jobs as quick as the wind this morning! Talk to you later my dear friend.

10:00pm

What a day! It’s been like a dream! I’m so tired, but, my friend, I need to tell you all about my day before I go to sleep, I never want to forget anything about today, ever! I feel warm and fuzzy all over, just remembering today. This has been the best day, ever!

I didn’t need to be woken by mum this morning to do my jobs, I was already awake! I pulled on my long sleeve tunic and baggy trousers so quickly, I fell over! I’d only put both legs down the same trouser leg!

Anyway, both mum and dad were surprised to see me up so early. Dad had made me a new wooden sword so that I could practice fighting. Maybe one day I can be a fierce soldier like dad.

This morning started like every other morning. After getting dressed (twice so my trousers were on right), I went to the dark forest to collect wood for mum to make a fire to cook breakfast. After that, I went to search for eggs. Those stupid hens lay their eggs all over the place. it’s like a treasure hunt! I’m not sure if I found them all, but I had enough for breakfast at least.

Once breakfast was over, I went to the fields. It’s back-breaking work pulling all the weeds up, but dad says it has to be done, or the weeds will strangle the crops and we would have no grains to make flour. After 2 hours of weeding, I ached ALL OVER! But even this pain couldn’t dim my excitement of what was to come. Dad had promised I could hunt deer.

After dinner, we set off. I was so proud when dad handed me my first hunting spear! I puffed out my chest and showed it off to all the younger village children, they were so jealous. I felt 10 feet tall walking out to the forest at the side of my dad.

Not long after we entered the wood, dad showed me some strange marks in the mood. Deer tracks! We followed the tracks quietly until we saw the deer. Dad said it was my turn to hunt. I looked at the grazing deer, my heart thudded in my chest, and threw my spear with all my might, whilst praying I wouldn’t miss – How embarrassing would that have been? My prayer was answered, the spear struck true, the deer fell. Dad was proud and told everyone we met how I had killed the deer with my 1st throw.

Before mum had cooked the deer for our evening meal, I had my 1st sword fighting lesson. Dad is the best swords man in the village, so I was training with the best! Fighting is hard work, and I hurt so much from the hits, but dad assures me I will get better.

As my eyes are drooping, and my body aches, I will say goodnight my dear friend. Nothing will ever live up to today. I will talk to you tomorrow.